

# Good Morning 781

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## A.B. Len Lambert, Here's "Perfect Baby"

SITTING up in bed, smiling happily, proudly holding John in her arms, Mrs. Helen Lambert held court for "Good Morning" at Dilston Hall.

Surrounding was an admiring throng of mothers, mothers-to-be, nurses, and even Matron, for this was a very special occasion, held to honour a very special baby.

Master John Lambert, aged six days, home address, No. 10 25th Avenue, Blyth, Northumberland, was having his photograph taken for his submariner daddy, A.B. "Lane" Lambert, and Master John is a baby of distinction.

He is the first submariners' son to be born at Dilston Hall Maternity Home, Corbridge, he is the first baby to be photographed in the ward, youngest to have his picture taken, and one of the finest and best babies to make their appearance at Dilston.

So Matron, Miss Jolliffe, says, and she ought to know, for she has welcomed thousands of babies into the world, more than four thousand at Dilston since the Hall was opened as a maternity home in 1939.

"He's just splendid, a perfect baby in every way," says Matron, eyeing him as fondly as his mother.

Most unconcerned person in the hospital, quite indifferent to the fuss and excitement and the admiration circle gathered around him was young John himself. You see him in the picture with his pretty nineteen year old mother, undecided whether to make a bit of a protest at being roused from an afternoon nap to have his photo taken, or just shut that one eye that's open and snatch another forty winks before tea time.

A few minutes later he came to the conclusion that he wanted his tea... and he certainly let everyone know what he thought about keeping a fellow waiting!

But John is a good-tempered boy. He didn't even object when nurse lifted him from his blue-blanketed cot in the nursery, where he spends most of his time, with twenty other baby boys and

girls, and brushed up his hair and beautified him to face the camera.

From Mrs. Lane's bed in the panelled one-time drawing-room of Dilston Hall, country estate in the heart of Northumberland, she looks out on to rolling fields, ancient trees, flower-beds and lovely countryside.

"It's just lovely here," she said. "I'm glad our baby was born in such a beautiful place, where everybody is so kind and I am so well looked after."

"Tell Lane I am feeling very well, and ever so happy," was her message through "Good Morning" for her husband, "and give him best love from us both."

## Turn over (and tots!) await L/St. Fred Copp

THEY are going to kill the "fatted cockerel" for your welcome-home dinner, L-Sto. Fred Copp.

In spite of your forebodings, your mother at 15 Princes Park Close, Hayes, remains optimistic, and she is saving him for you.

Your father came in from the cinema with young Renie in time to add that the sooner you make your return the better, because he is looking forward to a few tots at the "Angel."

We couldn't get your sister Renie in the picture, because she was busy preparing for George's homecoming a week after we called, but we can tell you that her little daughter is as saucy as ever, and hoping to see you soon.

At the moment, Dad has the job of taking her to the pictures, of

which she is very fond. His only trouble is that she insists on seeing the programme through twice. You are warned, anyway, Fred, if young Renie ever gets you on the job.

Your brother Bill and his family are well, and have had a couple of days at Southend. Joan and Kitty are liking school, and Barbara and the year-old Betty are getting into lots of mischief.

Betty, by the way, will give you a surprise when you come home. She walks and talks with the best of them now.

Your two sisters are also well, and join the rest of the family in



some bimbo who has managed to get the world square—with a sea-full of fish, the answer to an angler's prayer—being apparently several miles in length!

Hereford Cathedral's famous map by Richard, of Haldingham, now enters the field.

Penned on vellum in gold and natty colours about the year 1200 it's a riot.

Europe is labelled Africa and vice versa. Gentry with no heads are mooching about. Their faces stare out of their chests.

Other locals run around on all fours, while, to cap all this, a guy with one leg holds it over his napper like an umbrella. I'd say Richard had slipped his chain, or drawn it after a night with the "boys"!

The earliest known map of these isles comes from the pen of a monk, Matthew Paris.

Matthew knocked this off in 1259, and from the general shape I'd swear he did it "out of his head."

The Isle of Thanet, it seems at this time, had taken to wandering, finally settling down on the South Coast, while Father Thames after getting lost here and there, at last in sheer desperation, empties himself into the English Channel, and be damned to the consequences!

Two hundred years later some unknown mapper, finding Matthew's masterpiece, cribs it, but draws the thing up-side down. no surprise, I'll wager, when greeted by shouts of joy on arriving at John-O-Groats.

But for the last word in screwy maps give me the Ancient Chinese!

To them, the whole world was China; just China, bar one locality where dwarfs tied themselves into bundles to stop peckish eagles carrying them off, and a weird dump where the better class had a hole clean through

Other maps about this period slap Denmark down on our

door-step, while London has their chests from front to back, camped out on Birmingham's thereby solving the transport problem!

Fourteenth century travellers A pole was inserted in the said map in hand—setting out for hole, then hoisted on to the shoulders of two lackeys—one at either end—his "nibs" then went places at his leisure!

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# THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THESE SCREWY MAPS

—and JACK GREENALL adds a few words of his own

I THINK it's high time we stopped taking things for granted.

Maps, fr'instance, they've taken a devil of a time to get right. Donkey's years.

Starting from scratch in Ancient Egypt, I find the first attempt at map drawing are two rough diagrams executed for a chap named Sesostris, to direct all comers to his gold mines.

Must have been a mental case, old Sesostris. Would you let one and all in on your gold mines?

The earliest known map of the world I next discover, was the work of a Greek, called Anaximander. Somehow, he saw it as the section of a cylinder hanging from the sky! Anaximander must have been mixing his drinks.

His pupil, Anaximenes, doubtless trying a different brew, decided the world was an oblong rectangle held up by compressed air.

I don't think anybody then cared a damn what it looked like, provided it behaved itself—terra firma at that time had a nasty habit of shimmying, and volcanos, after standing easy for a bit, would spring to attention!

The word map, by the way, means a "towel," and it was the Greeks again who first thought of drawing the latitude and longitude lines on them.

In the year 787 A.D. a map had it that the world was shaped like an omelette floating on a calm sea, with the Garden of Eden, starring Adam and Eve at the top left.

Sitting on what look to me like beer bottles with the gas escaping, in the four corners, are blokes in their birthday suits.

These—when the fog has cleared a bit—I find are the four winds of Heaven letting things rip.

The year 1109 A.D. produces

some bimbo who has managed to get the world square—with a sea-full of fish, the answer to an angler's prayer—being apparently several miles in length!

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Expert cartographer Greenall shows his hand.

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## Home Town

CARDIFF is to be one of the cities to have a mammoth sports stadium under a scheme to be set up on the lines of the Rockefeller centres in America.

It will be a civic recreation centre. Public funds will supply most of the cost.

Centre point will be a stadium to be convertible for a variety of events, with ice hockey, boxing tournaments and symphony concerts.

There will be something for everyone at this great sports-arena.

A SHORTHAND typist in Cardiff addressed a letter for Newport, Mon., as "Newport, Monday."

It was pointed out to her that "Mon" was short for Monmouthshire.

"No," she said, "I'm sure its short for Monday. Newport Monday is the same as Sheffield Wednesday."



Our address still is:  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# THE SHRINKING OF RED FLANNEL

RED Flannel reclined on the the holes in his Panama hat. In beach viewing the busy his young days he had been called roadstead of Barbadoes with a sour Carrots. Since he had become a visage.

He was thinking of his past become known as Red Flannel. misdeeds and of the mistake he had Like many of his tribe, he had made in coming to the busiest been everything in turn—fo'c'sle island in the West Indies when the hand, dock labourer, bootlegger, authorities were hot on his trail. cook to a camp of rubber diggers, general adventurer.

His real name was Flannigan, but those who were acquainted with him intimately had christened him Flannel because he shrank from the idea of a wash. The word "Red" had been Islands: and in running away added because of his mop of from the investigations of Trinidad flaring hair which obtruded through authorities he had blundered into

Barbadoes. For this reason he was dissatisfied and restless.

He had come down from the busy streets of Bridgetown to escape the sight of the white population, and as he lay on the beach watching the native boatmen rowing in and out among the ships he wondered whether it was possible to get off up the islands on one of the vessels.

A foot crunched the sand and a cough sounded on the still, throbbing air. Red Flannel ceased his song and held his breath for a moment. He lay perfectly still, not lifting his Panama from his face.

All was quiet. He breathed freely again and settled his shoulders into the hollow of the sand once more.

"Oh, what's gone wrong with Ranzo?"

Have you heard?

He sailed away o'er the Spanish Main,

He did, O lord!

They say he'll ne'er be bad again,

For the boat he took was an

airplane,

And the damn thing bust and

down he came,

Down to Timbuctoo!"

Flannel moved the hat cautiously from his face and drew himself up to a sitting position.

"I'd take a chance on anything to get away from this blasted island of niggers," he said. "Even an airplane. Hallo."

A young man, immaculately dressed in whites and with a cane under his arm, was looking at Red with a smile spreading over his almost boyish face.

"That was a nice song," he remarked. "I've heard it up in Cuba and in Tortuga. It's about Ranzo, the pirate, isn't it?"

"It is," agreed Red, squinting at the stranger out of the corner of his eye.

"And this Ranzo was badly wanting to get away from the hand of the law, wasn't he? The sailors up by the Bahamas sing the song as a chantey—a pulling chantey."

"Do they?" asked Red sullenly, though he knew they did. It was there he had learned it.

"Yes, just like you, Ranzo was. Just like you are."

"Eh?"

The immaculate young man with the boyish face and the cane smiled and pressed the heel of his white boot into the sand.

There was an innocent smile on his face. He pulled a cigarette from his case and threw it towards Red, then selected one for himself with care.

"I believe so. You're Red Flannel, aren't you?"

"What about it?" asked Red, gathering his limbs under him and preparing for a dash.

"Nothing much except that I have been wandering about Bridgetown for several days looking for you. My name's Winter—Billy Winter. I'm in a deuce of a hole and I'd like to have a word with you on the quiet. There's money in it for you, if you care. Good money. My name's Winter—Billy Winter: as I said. I'm living up at the Icehouse."

Red rubbed his chin thoughtfully with the back of his horny hand. He was on his feet now, and as Mr. Winter held a match to Red's cigarette the latter gazed into the limpid eyes of the younger

man. Red prided himself on being a judge of character. It was his business to know character.

In the eyes of Billy Winter he saw innocence and a kind of bashfulness which reassured him. "Sounds kind of chilly," he grinned.

"Really, Flannel, I thought it was hot this morning."

"I was meaning your name," said Red. "What's the story you want to tell me? I don't smell money yet. Say, are you one of the plush boys?"

"Plush boys? Whatever do you mean?"

"Ho, ho, ho! Don't know? Oh, it's just a name for swell crooks—I mean gentlemen of fortune who sail the Spanish Main making a living by handling cards on the liners. That's all. But you don't look a plush boy. The plush boys don't blush."

The young man was gazing at Red with an expression of horror and dread.

"Fancy taking me for a swindler!" he ejaculated. "Whatever would people think! Oh, dear! But then I fear I have brought this on myself by speaking to you—and I only meant to ask your help in a delicate situation. It's most

(Continued on page 3)

## He shrank when he was asked to wash

The roadstead was crowded with shipping—schooners, barques, brigs, steamers. More than one liner lay out on the blue waters, due to sail either for Jamaica or for England.

One or two smaller steamers with yellow funnels and black sides floated between the liners. These were the island ships, waiting for their time to head outward for Trinidad or north to Dominica or Guadeloupe.

They sailed about once a fortnight, and Red knew that if he missed the chance of getting aboard one of them he was helpless for the next two weeks, and that might be fatal.

He drew his perforated hat over his eyes and lay back on the sand and began to hum.

"Oh, have you heard of Ranzo? Have you heard?"

He's a whale upon the banjo, He is, my word!

For I've got a girl in London town;

To hell with the girls who are black and brown!

Get me a ship to take me down, Down to Timbuctoo!"



"Now, you lads, if you want to know what happened after I parachuted down over Berlin it'll cost you a pint apiece."

## QUIZ for today

5. Which is more closely related to a pig, a rhinoceros or a hippopotamus?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Hockey, Lacrosse, Tennis, Football, Stoolball.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 780

1. Parcheesi is an Indian: errand boy; foodstuff; game; local celebrity?

2. How do you calculate the area of a triangle?

3. Which planet was first spotted on a photograph fifteen years after its existence had been calculated?

4. About what temperature is generated by an atomic bomb?

1. Violinist.  
2. Pollux; Hyde.  
3. (a) Charles II, (b) Lord Nelson.  
4. Texas.  
5. To look up the time of a train.  
6. Michael is not the patron saint of a country; others are.



Know what  
You're up  
against!  
says  
JACK GREENALL

### THE FLY.

ALL flies belong to the family Diptera, and take the Gipsy's warning. If ever we lose our grip this family will be running things!

Three thousand specimens of this family get Britain's goat. As I write the main body are dive-bombing the apple-flan. I'm game. Heaven knows I'm game, but even if I'd bodily strength and power of mind to attempt to classify flies, senile decay would set in before I'd plodded half way down the list.

Besides, not even my loved ones can call me fly-minded.

There's the Stratiomyidae bunch fr'instance. They come as flattened flies—not quite flat enough, for my liking, maybe, but heading for all they're worth in that direction.

Then we have the Syrphidae gang, or hover flies. They wear a striped two-piece like wasps or bumble-bees. They soon let us know how we stand with them.

Cattle have a gala-day with the Ox Warble fly. He takes up residence under their hides, and the Horse fly—2,000 species running wild—give the best blood-stock what for.

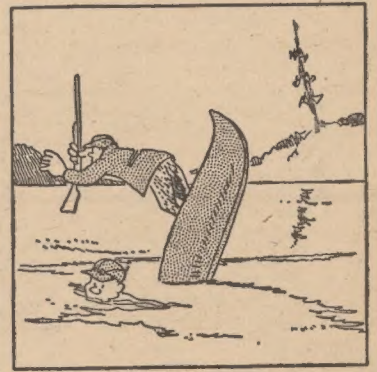
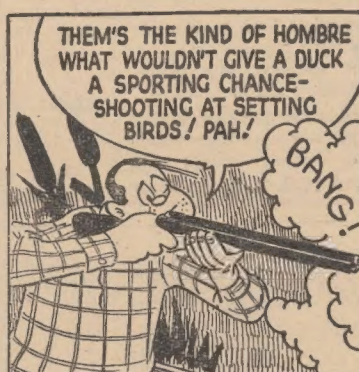
One fly, American brand, making sure of his basic, maybe, lives in a petroleum pool.

Two species of flies have solved the fuel problem. One, the common New Zealand fly generates light in his kidneys. The other, the Lantern fly, a cousin of the bed-bug, carries a hollow globe on the top of his nut, which cuts out his electric consumption. There's nothing to it, really—ask the Lantern fly.

For sheer cheek give me a certain small fly, name unknown to me. When he wants to go places, does he exert himself? Not he. He just boards a night flying beetle and relaxes!

A female fly can lay 2,000 eggs in her lifetime—and by all accounts she's doing her darndest to beat her own record. As I come to the end of this paragraph the main body of the British specimens have come to the end of the apple-flan and are making a combined attack on the pea-nut butter!

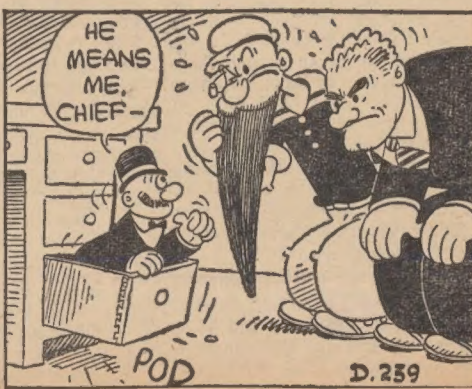
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE

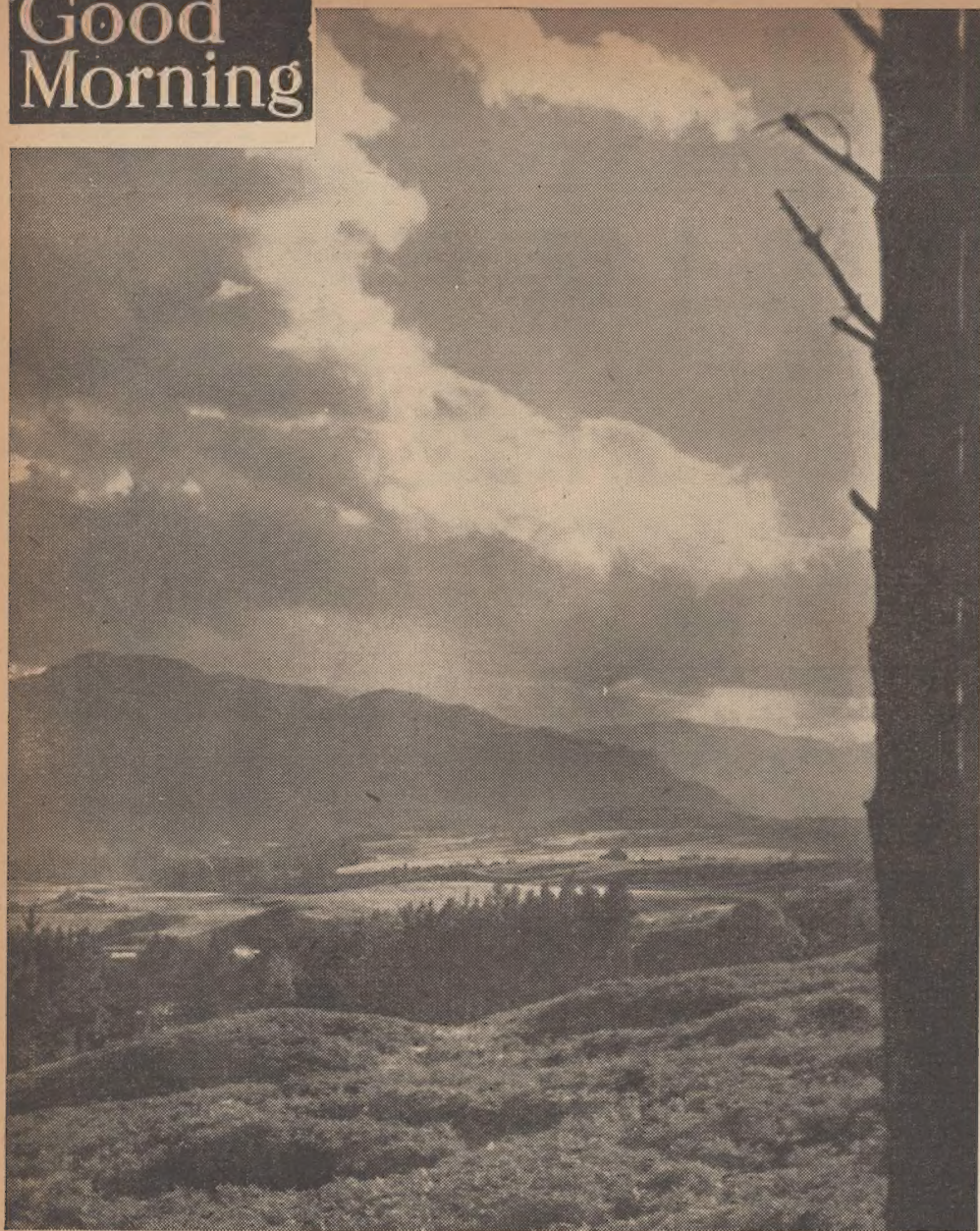








# Good Morning



## SUNSET OVER THE CAIRNGORMS.

Highland magnificence, pride of Burns and every Scot, was never given finer expression than in this grand vista of the Spey Valley, with the pine woods of Kingussie nodding and sighing in the gentle breeze.



## BEER IS BEST!

And a quart of prime wallop goes into the thirsty roots of the leafiest, healthiest aspidistra in seven counties. It's down at the old Roebuck Inn, and the Lewisham landlady has given it nothing but booze since it was so high. Tich, go out and buy yourself a barrel of the best!



## SINK-SUD BABY.

She's having a good time, all right, and doesn't mean to shout for the towel for at least another hour. Babies are queer things—they always seem to know what's good for them! When the soapy little lady grows up she'll scream the place down when Mummie says, "Go and wash."



## GOING UP!

Not exactly lady-like, but we like it! Our friend with the wide-open expression is an acrobatic dancer, and when she really gets up to business this contortion seems like a simple exercise. Those double-jointed legs can wrap themselves round themselves—and anything.



## LOOKING UP!

This sort of thing never happens to us. He gets a ride, a shot, and eyefulls of symmetry, all as part of the day's work! The skirt-up shankshakers walked on to a draught, and got the wind-up so well that their draperies covered everything except the main attractions, giving judges at this curve-contest an unbiased view. But they took a long, long time to make up their minds about the winner!